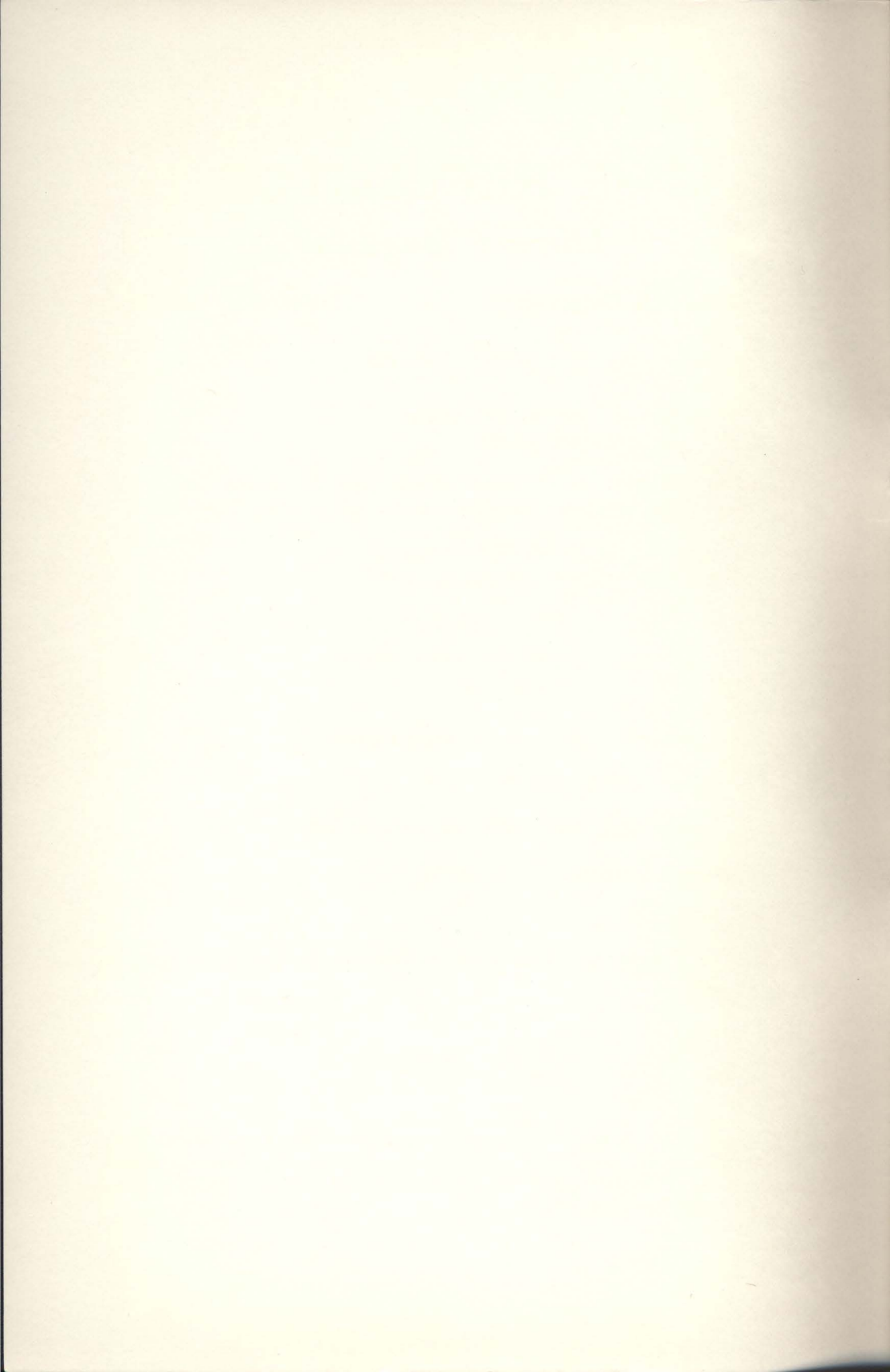


The Reflector

Winter

1964-1965





THE REFLECTOR

Literary Magazine

Shippensburg State College

Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

Winter, 1964-1965

Editors: Nicholas Diffenderfer
Berkley Laite

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Winter, 1962-1963

Editor: Richard D. Anderson
Editorial Staff: Miss Mabel Linker

MEDALIST AWARD

to

THE REFLECTOR

Shippensburg State College

March 15, 1963

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College and University Division

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Carol Baringer
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Kay Sawyer
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Edward Bandy
Paula Kargus
Barbara Davey
Judith Kimmes
Jane Colstock
John Morris
Frylla Fugitt
William Darling
John Morris
Michael Keough
Martin Cipolla
Carl Schumacher
Sue Goodman
Michael Keough
Martin Cipolla
Nicholas Dittendorfer
John Sobor

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

From "Snowbound" by
John Greenleaf Whittier

I have a Mirror
Or Catch of Key
Forever Last
Death - Christmas Eve
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Telescope
Kissing France
Ad Astra per Aspera
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Five Seconds
Sopranos to Go
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Danceable Poems and Couplet
For
Lentini
Forty in Solo
Modern Man
Question in Morning
Motto

I Have a Mirror

. . . BERKLEY LAITE

Si vous n'etes pas pret

Soyez tranquille

Parce que j'ai un miroir

Dans ma poche

Imagine a twisted and blackened soul

A soul living on sin and lust

Black with greed and jealousy

Seething with betrayal and faithlessness

Picture a mind void of a conscience

Contorted with hypocrisy and slander

A mind that shows no face but

Like Medusa forbids any who try to see

Can you picture a heart that knows no love

But stifles and murders the smallest affection

A heart that writhes with the stench of hate

And destroys beauty with a fiendish joy

You say you cannot

Then tax not your faculties

Come and I'll show you these things

For in my pocket I carry a mirror

“Or Catch or Key”

. . . MARY KOSEK

"How to keep — is there any any, is there none such, nowhere known some,
 bow or brooch or braid or brace, lace, latch or catch or key to keep
 Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty . . . from vanishing away?"
 From "The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo" . . . Gerard Manley Hopkins

De Vinci's paintings are beginning to show the wear of time because of hardening, drying canvasses. Someday, the beauty — as something that is visible — will vanish. Beauty, that commodity which can be defined only in the heart of each individual, is often fleeting. Since beauty is not merely intellectual — it involves the heart also — it is as the emotions, changeable. Emotion is as much a part of this gift as color, harmony, or rhythm.

Each person is creative in his own right. The world publicly eulogizes those who produce some kind of tangible evidence of their talents. But what of the process heeded in holding fast the beauty involved? Beauty must be studied, cultivated, nurtured, and most of all loved. She is a greedy mistress for affection. She will administer to needs only when hers have been fulfilled completely. It is the task of each individual to discover the means in which to satisfy this woman, for she requires that everything sacrificed for her must be beautiful. The creator and designer of her gifts must be willing to sacrifice all in order to share her with the whole world. Beauty demands everything of her permitter keeper and gives herself for pleasure to any who look upon her. It is strange, perhaps, that the "master" gladly permits her to flaunt herself before the eyes of others, and even allows himself to take pride in her promiscuity.

And after Beauty has vanished, fled from one life, her younger sister fills the vacant position. Memory allows that once proud master to regain pride and remembrance of Beauty. Hence, Memory often brings Beauty back into the house. But Beauty does not always leave by the night train. Sometimes her provider is rich and truly loving; then, she stays and flippantly displays herself for all; at the same time, she continues to demand that her needs be satisfied by the new admirers.

Forever Lost

SANDRA WEIGLE

It was during the fall of my Sophomore year in college that I got to know Tod Conroy. I was asked by Mary Rider, my best friend, to join her group at the five o'clock dinner. They needed another girl to complete their table of eight, so I accepted. I entered the dining hall with Mary, and sat down in the empty seat beside her. Tod was sitting directly across the table from me. I remember he sat facing the west window, for many times he commented on a cloud formation, the rain making ugly streaks down the window pane, or just the never-ceasing splendor created by the setting sun. He would laugh when we all craned our necks to see a horse flying through the sky, or an Egyptian pyramid floating in the Rhine River that we knew wasn't really there.

Tod was only nineteen, but his receding hairline, and his city manner made him appear to be much older. It was only after you got to know him that you realized he wasn't old at all. There were only five feet, five inches of him, and not a pound on his body out of place. It was as if each pound had been carefully placed in a certain area, and then each area weighed to make sure it balanced with the others. I still remember when Mary introduced us. He only smiled and said, "Hello, Ginger," but his warm friendly eyes really said hello for him. Tod never realized that all his feelings and emotions were revealed through those big brown eyes.

It was sometime during the month of November that I began seeing Tod other than at dinner. Mary and I were working on the fall play to be presented the first of December, and we needed help with the set. Tod and his roommate, Bill, were finally conned into building and painting scenery. Bill, we soon discovered, was an old pro at stuff like this, but Tod was something else. He stood on the sidelines romping about like a puzzled cocker spaniel, trying to keep out of everybody's way. When he finally picked up a hammer I couldn't keep from saying, "Well, the city-slicker, himself, decided to get his hands dirty. Here," I tossed him a nail, "you'll need some of these, too." I was just about to illustrate how to hammer a nail, when Tod placed it on the board, drew back the hammer, and "bam", the nail disappeared, clearly and smoothly into the wood. He looked at me then, his eyes smiling, "Ha, Smarty, you may be a good corn-husker, but I can still take care of you."

It was sometime after ten when the crew decided to call it a night. Bill and Tod stood Mary and me a coke at the Bullethole before we went back to the dorm. It was crowded that night as usual, so no one noticed us as we slid into a corner booth, paint and all.

"Boy, I'm pooped," declared Mary, as she flopped down. The three of us echoed somewhat the same words.

"But, Mary, just think how much more pooped we would be, if we hadn't got such **efficient** help!" I said in a mocking tone.

"You sure are a smart one," Tod said. "Of course, you can't expect too much from these country hicks."

"The city certainly didn't teach you how to talk to girls, did it?"

"Well, if you start acting like a girl, I'll see what I can do to talk to you

as such."

"Oh, the nerve of **some** people," I replied trying to act hurt. Now the battle had begun. If you can possibly say that a friendship was built on quarreling, this one was. It became a common sight to see Tod and me bickering about nothing more than whether it would rain the next day.

It was almost eleven o'clock, when we left the Bullethole. Mary and I each received two late minutes for not returning to the dorm on time. I later blamed it all on Tod for my getting them.

That night I couldn't go to sleep, so I thought about Tod. He was really much more friendly than I thought, and I decided that I was going to like him. I asked Mary, if he really meant the things he said about my being a hick, but Mary only laughed and said, "Often two people are too busy saying how much they hate each other to realize just how much they like each other. Now, go to sleep."

The next evening Tod and Bill showed up at the auditorium again. In fact, despite all the grumbling from both of them, they stuck it out, right up to the night of the performance. We were all a little sad when it ended. The play was over, but to the surprise of everyone, our friendships lasted. But only until the beginning of March. That was the month Tod decided to pledge Phi Theta Upsilon. After that I never saw much of him except at meals, and then I wished I hadn't. He was always sad, very sad. Oh, Tod tried hard enough to act happy, but still his eyes would be sad. I heard from one of his friends, that he was having trouble with his pledge masters, and was put on probation. Yes, I thought, Tod isn't the type to take orders; he's not the type to be pushed around. Tod always took up for the little guy being pushed—now it was Tod who was being pushed.

I approached Tod one evening after dinner, and said, "Tod, you're very unhappy. Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Yea, sure," he answered, "and I don't need anybody like you to tell me I don't, so forget it."

"Okay, Tod, but just remember this one thing. You don't need that fraternity; they need you."

Tod was accepted into the fraternity that May. He moved out of the dorm, into the fraternity house on the north edge of campus. He didn't eat his meals in the dining hall anymore, and now I hardly saw him at all. Mary told me just a few days ago, that he skipped most of his classes now to sleep. When I questioned her as to why he slept through his classes, she said that she thought I knew that P. T. U.'s rarely slept at night, they drank instead. I really didn't want to believe this, and I suppose I didn't until I witnessed it for myself.

Tod called last Saturday inviting me to a party at the fraternity house. I hesitated to accept, but finally I decided to go. By the end of the evening Tod was stone drunk. All I remember about the whole horrible evening is walking the half mile across campus, alone, back to my dorm. I've only seen Tod a few times since the night of the party, but he didn't even mumble a friendly hello. I know the haunting memory of his sad brown eyes will always be with me.

Death — Christmas Eve

. . . CAROL BERINGER

It is cold on the bridge tonight. Icy waters are curling softly over the marble stones below me. They are speaking to me; I am feeling their coldness, dampness. Naked trees huddle against the shoreline with dead arms reaching into the icy air. Lonely old men cover themselves with papers as they lie in the gutters of their uselessness. They are freezing; tomorrow one will go, the next day another. Stiff — cold — dead.

Life — snuffed out by the blizzard of despair, emptiness. Life is a meaningless existence; it is nothing. We live, we die, and we go to a cold, cold tomb. We freeze, and people watch.

My hands, grasped on the rail, are swollen, purple with ice. Dirty, black snow is heaped on the bridge; it smothers everything in its being. It is useless, as we are.

Christmas Eve, time of joy and celebration. Yet I stand here, a lonely, dirty old man, freezing. There is no one here on the bridge with me; there is no one anywhere. Deserted, like that city.

It stands alone and isolated on the shore. People huddle together in the houses. They try to keep out the darkness by candles. They light fires to keep warm. They do not fool life. They, as everyone else, are found by the cold, damp, choking air of humanity. They, too, will freeze; they too, will die.

He and she will freeze. They stop on the bridge to kiss; their love is warm. They are out of place here; they do not belong. They are laughing; they are coming toward me. What is wrong with them? Don't they know I do not exist. I am frozen — a frozen ice man. Don't come to me. Stay away, or I'll—I mean it. Stay away! Don't you understand? I'm not here. No one is here —nothing exists. They can't intrude on my world. I'll get away. I'll go to the coldness, my coldness. I'll go to—

No Solution

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

Hush, my love,
forget your pains
forget your sorrows,
my motherless love.
Crying can only aggravate;
it can only soothe,
never solve—

my motherless love.
A rough time we are having,
a worse time lies ahead
for us,
motherless, yet loved
In our inexperienced way,
devoid of passion,
we remain.

Follow me to the stream
we may cool our faces
and watch our tears
mingle and melt
and flow away—

Yet the stream cannot stop our tears,
cannot ebb our sorrow,
cannot cleanse our time.

We have too many sorrows
We have done too many wrongs,
the stream will not help us:
our tears are too many
and the waters are few

The Messenger

. . . RAY SAWYER

"St. Patrick's Cathedral. 210 N. 15th Street. Got it."

"Think you'll be able to make it all right? It's a pretty heavy load?"

"I'll make it. I've got to. It's my job to make it."

The oddly dressed young man with the long hair and the shabbily trimmed beard and mustache walked over to a corner of the room, picked it up and proceeded to start out the door.

"Here, let me help you get it through the door."

"Thanks."

Once outside the young man rested it on a corner of the building, took out his sunglasses and put them on, and lit a cigarette. Then he struggled to get it on his shoulders, leaving the one protected end free to drag along the pavement. Slowly he started his arduous journey across town.

There was a parade going on downtown. Not particularly wishing to take a long detour or fight his way through the crowded sidewalks, he decided to tag along on the end of the parade.

"Hey, lookit there!" someone yelled. "Who in the hell's he?" A lot of laughter followed.

"Hey, man, you Jesus Christ? Ha Ha Ha." Others said nothing, but just looked on in amazement. Once or twice he stumbled, but no one moved. No one even offered to lend him a helping hand. Many seemed to shrink away from him in fear. The weight didn't seem half as bad as the attitudes of the people he encountered along the way.

After finally breaking through the commotion of the parade, he came to a small barroom. Setting it down outside where he could keep an eye on it, he walked in and ordered a beer. He drank it quickly, paid the bartender, and took up his journey where he had left off.

It didn't take much longer to reach St. Patrick's. He struggled up the steps and through the wide double doors which were standing open. Noticing that the Padre was in prayer at the altar, he patiently waited for him to finish.

"Yes, son?"

"Here is the cross which you ordered, Father."

"I must say that I did not expect it so soon. Tell me, did you carry it all the way across town?"

"Yes, Father."

"Then let me give you something for your trouble."

"No, Father, nothing."

"There is no charge?"

"No charge, Father."

"Thank you, son. Thank you very much."

The young man walked out of the Cathedral and into the busy street. He stopped for a second and stretched his stiffened body. He then adjusted his sunglasses, lit a cigarette, and slowly started back to the shop.

Public

. . . MARTIN CIPOLLA

Ten thousand sentimental sighs
 Overshadow two anguish-torn cries.
 Why worry about two
 When ten thousand can make do?
 Is not the public our first concern?
 Ten thousand live—only two burn.
 Those two have no right
 To put themselves within our sight.
 Don't they know we'll feel bad?
 (If we watch them die, we'll feel sad.)
 Who are they
 To lead "our" joy astray?
 Ten thousand sentimental sighs
 Overshadow two anguish-torn cries.

Judgment of a Dead Soul

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

Merciless,
darkened,
narrowed streets which I have walked
before and will again
Addresses with transient passions
and names minus identities: waste

Probing,
searching,
praying to find some place to belong:
a city of familiarity
a person of comfort
a place of deserved memories—

None of this
available to me
Having no goal but notoriety
and no aim except tomorrow,
building a foundation
based on respect
would naturally be impossible—
for me especially

Now the eviled shadows of myself
have started to creep and to enclose
and I am nowhere safe
have no protection
My places of wandering
are as cold and closed
as before

The faces have meager identity;
only another part of the smothering fog
If there is a just reward
for one's personal crimes,
this darkening sorrow
must be mine

My nostrils
and my mouth
are being clogged;
my erosion from within
is now complete
and a darkness is threatening . . .
there can be no light

Metamorphosis

JUDY ELLIOTT

It is a routine college day for Marie. She goes through the necessary rituals of dressing and putting on her make-up carefully. She smiles throughout the day and says the traditional campus "Hi" to everyone. She is the normal cheerful, well-adjusted coed.

She goes back to her room after a typical evening meal of small talk, politeness, and congeniality. She joins the other girls in their usual evening discussion about boys, who's dating whom, sex, etc. Then she studies for awhile and goes to bed.

But Marie is unable to sleep tonight. The noise in the dorm seems unusually loud. Someone keeps forgetting to hold the swinging doors. There is squawking laughter down the hall. A door slams. The clack, clack, clack—ding—whrrr of a typewriter in the lounge pounds sharply into her consciousness.

Marie snaps on the study lamp beside her bed. Her clock radio says one thirty-five. She walks to the window. It's a beautiful moonlit Fall night. Marie opens the window and puts her hand outside. The air is cool with a delicious freshness almost like an icy drink of pure water. Marie wishes she could walk out into the night and escape from the noise and the people. But the doors of the dorm are locked. She goes back to bed and finally goes to sleep.

Marie dreams. She is in a dimly-lighted street, walking between rows and rows of dark houses. She keeps walking until there are no more houses and she is in the country. She walks freely; her motion is not inhibited by self-consciousness; here there are no eyes surveying her.

Marie wears no make-up. She feels very plain but in this plainness she feels very real and existent as a person. She sees a young man walking toward her from the opposite direction. He comes close to her and looks deeply into her eyes. She sees that he loves her for something beneath her external plainness. Taking her hand, he leads her off the road and to the top of a hill on which dark trees are silhouetted in the moonlight. They continue walking down the other side of the hill. When they reach the bottom, he leads her through an opening in some trees, and the night suddenly changes to the bright daylight of a sunlit daisy and dandelion speckled green meadow.

Marie and the young man are the only human beings in the meadow, and there is no noise except the singing of birds and the rushing of a small brook flowing through the meadow. Marie has the odd feeling of having found something for which she hadn't known she was searching.

Marie awakes from her dream. She wants to sleep again and to dream. She wants to recapture the feeling of that something she found during the brief time in the meadow. She is not sure what the something was—perhaps reality or happiness or her true identity. Maybe it was all three. But she doesn't dream anymore. She wakes up in the morning, dresses carefully, puts on her make-up, and along with it her artificial smile. She looks into the mirror and again sees the customary friendly college coed.

Kaleidoscope

. . . MICHAEL KEOUGH

I

Explode, sunset, cramped horizon
Burst, beams, crowding clouds
Splash wildly, light, vibrant colors
Night is fast falling
and long day lies with dreamless sleep.

II

I see the ceiling below me
reflected in the glass coffee
table top and how odd it looks
light fixtures hanging up like
obstacles in a pin-ball machine
and I want to run and kick them
crazy and rack up all kinds of
points as buzzers scream and lights—
and I kick harder
Tilt.

Metamorphosis

STUDY BY

It is a beautiful day for Mary. She goes through the necessary check at the bank and pulls out the money she needs for the day and says the traditional "good-bye" to everyone. She is the only one who has not been to the bank for a long time.

She goes back to her room after a very busy morning. She finds the room as usual, but she notices a small change in the furniture. The bed is now a different color and the walls are a different shade.

But Mary is unable to find the door. She looks around the room, but she cannot find the door. She is puzzled and she starts to look for the door. She goes to the window and looks out. She sees a beautiful view of the city.

Mary goes to the door and finds it is locked. She tries to open it, but she cannot. She is very angry and she starts to knock on the door. She hears a voice from the other side of the door. The voice says, "Who is there?"

Mary says, "It is I, Mary." The voice says, "Who is Mary?" Mary says, "I am Mary." The voice says, "Who is Mary?" Mary says, "I am Mary." The voice says, "Who is Mary?"

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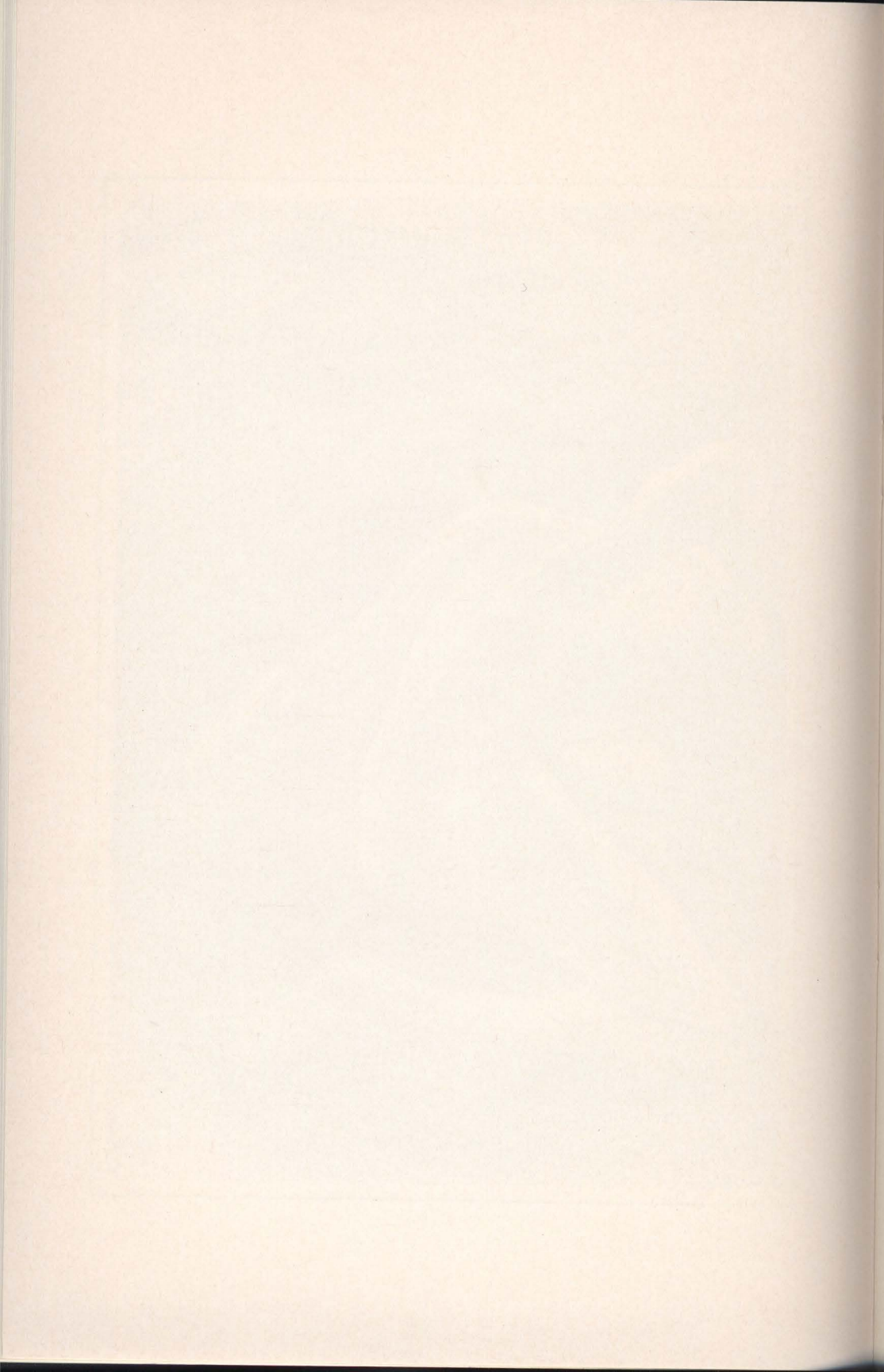
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KNEELING FIGURE
... A. GENE HALE





Ad Astra Per Aspera

. . . . BERKLEY LAITE

Gaze at the grandeur
Of God-like stars

Subservient humans
Must crane their necks
To see the beauty

Is it that we are of too low a caste
Is it that we are less worthy
To behold beauty

Ever striving we search for it
Ever climbing we grasp for it

Will we be rejected
Will we be prohibited
All humanity awaits the answer

For we who are less significant
Ever strive for that which is beauty
Since beauty is not within us

We imagine
We make believe

To the symbolic stars we crawl
Without help, without guidance
Yet in need of both

To perfection we crawl
For our cause is just
We humans are the symbol of imperfection

Custos, Quid De Nocte?

. . . MICHAEL J. KEOUGH

Nothing sounds so silent as a monastery night
shattered only by the shimmer of a single vigil light
that illumines shaking traces
of shadow-searching faces
hiding thoughts of other places
and the night.

On his cross a clay Christ cries
every night he lies
aching with infinity
bearing with serenity
his almighty agony
and dies.

Clouds claw heaven's ground
dragging dusty stars around
raising tearing, tearing thunder
throughout the night they wander
above the world and under
'till it's found.

It's the mourning moon they're after
to seduce her with their laughter
or to rape her while she hovers
hiding under clinging covers
praying off her preying lovers'
laughter.

Nothing sounds so silent as a monastery night
—the sound of men afraid to breathe
—young priests, still in love with their God.

De Profundis

. . . MARY B. TRYMBISKI

Looking back, I guess you could say that I was in one of those moods again because I remember having the lights out and a candle and some incense burning.

There was just a drizzle then, but it had rained earlier that evening. The heaviness of the drops seemed to silence the night. At least it seemed that way sitting here on the window-sill peering through the chilled, partly breath-steamed window pane, watching beads of rain trickle and run on the other side of that very pane. Beyond that, though, there was a tranquility, a warm calmness in the night, and I wanted to belong.

Within minutes I was standing on the bare, wet pavement below that window. I stood still letting myself feel the damp air creep through my lungs. I drifted with those white puffs of vapor that began appearing and disappearing. I crossed the street to the corner of Washington and Byrd and lingered under the streetlamp watching the raindrops fall into the light and turn silver in color. Walking south on Washington the water ran quietly alongside the curb carrying with it limp leaves and pieces of twigs. The pavement was still stained with the pigment of dead leaves. Now and then I'd find a leaf clinging to my shiny red boots — I liked that. I turned right off Washington and walked west on King street toward the center of town. It, too, was almost deserted. Once in a while a diesel would roll speedily by. Sometimes one would come to a sliding, screeching stop for an unexpected red light. Moments later, it would groan and roll on again leaving a trail of gaseous fumes to tease the nostrils. A few neon signs flashed blue and white letters. A group of teenage boys sat on the steps of Ann's luncheonette laughing and slapping and flicking cigarette butts. About four blocks down the street there was a small stone bridge under which ran a narrow, shallow creek. As I leaned over the bridge wall, the water appeared inky, and I could hear its muffled babbling as it ran over the rocks. In the distance I could hear the reassuring ring of twelve strikes on the Lutheran church bell. Everything became hushed and yielded to those reverberating sounds. The bell echoed peace and universal time and another day.

An Answer Unknown

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

has the aloneness of a star
 ever made you curious
 or the desolation of a womanless man?
 have you ever doubted
 your effect on the one
 you love
 or her purpose for loving you?
 does the ending of every day
 cause you doubt about tomorrow
 or leave you fearing
 another dawn?
 do you question
 your self—
 what it is you are,
 could become?
 to question these things . . .
 to ask, to doubt, to answer
 would take a lifetime
 a lifetime I have not

But the Bird Understood

. . . PHYLLIS FUNGHI

I spoke to the flower,
and she dropped a petal in my hand.
I laid my head among the fragrant clover,
and the incense of its mystic blossoms
brushed lightly against my nostrils.
I caught a cloud and held it in my mind,
then released it unto a wispy form of silent air.
I sang to the milkweed,
and she opened her tawny curtains
to emit a host of fairy dancers in willowy array.
I only touched the earth,
but her warmth penetrated my whole body.
I called to the bird,
but he took wing,
I cried,
and the bird called back in joyous echo.
I rejoiced,
and the bird understood.

The Sceptic

. . . JUDY ELLIOTT

Be happy, unaware creature,
Flying through the trees,
Sing,
 Live,
 Die
In your molded destiny.

Laugh, human toy,
Laugh at your feeble efforts
Against twisted fate,
At pain,
 Evil,
 At your life
Of awareness.

Fear death, human toy?
Laugh at the termination
Of awareness.

The Kittens

. . . JUDY ELLIOTT

"We took them someplace where they'll be happy." That's what they had always told six-year-old Marcy when a litter of kittens disappeared from their haymow nest. But they had lied to her. She knew that now. She had seen what happened to the last litter of kittens.

After lunch she had followed her sixteen-year-old brother, Henry, to the barn. Hidden behind the chicken coop, she had watched him go into the grain storage room and come out with a white cloth feed bag. Then he had gone around the other side of the barn and into the haymow. Marcy had followed him. She had peeped through the knothole in the side of the barn. Inside, Henry had picked up each of the four crying black and white kittens by the back of the neck. He had dropped them in the white feed bag.

Marcy had run back to the hiding place behind the chicken coop. After Henry came out of the barn, he had walked past her hiding place to the white board fence separating the barnyard and the pasture. He'd put the bag on the ground, climbed over the top of the fence, pulled the bag through the fence rails, and continued walking with it along the stream which flowed through the meadow pastureland.

Marcy had stayed far enough behind Henry that he hadn't seen her following him. She had watched him stop at the bend in the stream — the place where she had often sat on the tree root bank to throw tiny pieces of bread to the minnows. The minnows were larger here, because this was the deepest part of the stream.

Marcy had wanted to do something to stop Henry. She hadn't been able to do anything. She hadn't even been able to move when she saw him lower the bag of kittens into the deep cloudy water.

Now Marcy was sitting in the meadow. Thinking. Wondering if the kittens had really gone to some good place. Maybe the same place Grandmother had gone to when she died. Heaven they had called it. That must be the answer. She just knew they wouldn't lie to her. But if Grandmother and the kittens went to a good place, a happy place, she would feel happy too. And she had never cried before when she felt happy.

Israel Scene

. . . HUDA KARAMAN

It was a hot day. The dog sat by the door of the flat stone house, his tongue hanging out while his droopy eyes watched the deserted, dusty road. A woman came to the door, shook out a worn straw mat and went back into the darkness of the room, her bare feet noiseless on the cement floor. The dog wearily walked over, ate the few bread crumbs she dropped, went back to his shady spot and to his endless watching of the road.

A little boy came to the door busily sucking at half an orange which he held tightly with two skinny, dirty hands. The juice trickled down his arms and dripped down his elbows, leaving a trail. Some flies began to bother him. He waved them away but they returned. Finally he ignored them and let them share the orange. The dog looked at him, then turned his attention back to the road with the same bored expression in his eyes.

A wailing cry of a baby escaped through the colorless shutters of the house and the woman's voice arose in a soft lullaby which gradually drowned the baby's crying.

The boy finished eating the orange, licked his hands and went in for some more, the flies following him.

Paradox

. . . MARTIN CIPOLLA

Glorious black-ringed Satan commands—
And the servant night obeys.
There will be no moon.
With fire in his eyes he stands.
The red glow of Hell is reflected in his face.
The Prince of Evil commands again—
A fiery steed receives its mighty master.
Silver spurs dig into blackest flesh.
Swiftness becomes invisible as darkness speeds on
Into the depths of the abyss.
The laughter of the Monarch of Death
Rings throughout the wasteland as he rides.
He feels the wind rush past him
As if to escape his menacing evil.
He laughs again.
He sings a violent song.
He sings of pain, of death, and of a fall
That made him a king.
He sings of sin and of men.
And again his laughter rings.
His steed receives strength from the sound.
Speed is too slow,
Swift could not begin to describe his motion.
The knight of darkness sings of God.
His laughter borders hysterics.

O. K., Dot

. . . JEAN M. RUHL

Jean swore she had never worked so hard nor been so confused in her life. Having rummaged around the cabinets for an agonized minute, she turned hesitantly to the waitress beside her. June was lazily exhaling a cloud of smoke, and her pale blue eyes had been carelessly following Jean's scrambling.

Darn her! She never hurries. I bet Marie gave me more tables so the rest wouldn't have to run so much.

Jean hid the grimace that accompanied her thoughts. "June, where are the tea bags?"

Boy, June's really going to think I'm a green waitress. Oh, I don't care what she thinks!

June's lanky body straightened out from the hunched pose, and leaned over to a low shelf below the huge, gleaming coffee urn. "Right there, Hon. Ya better not put it in the water till you reach the table. Some jokers like it light, some like it strong. An' you don't wanna trot back to make more. An' smile, Kid. They wanna eat food, not you."

Jean laughed, relieved and pleased. Maybe June wasn't so superior and mean after all.

As Jean fumbled around the tea bags and hot water, she followed June out of the corner of her eye. June strolled to the tray rack, pulled out a large tray, and yelled, "Pick up!"

A dark face, shiny with sweat, gently replied, "Comin' right up, Junie."

June's deft hands quickly stacked six dinners, with the side dishes and serving dishes, efficiently and securely on the small (or so it now seemed to Jean) oval tray. Swinging the tray to her shoulder, she disappeared out the door with that easy gait that covered a lot of ground effortlessly.

How in the world does she do it? Thank the Lord I don't have a table of six—I'd probably drop two dinners on the way.

"C'mon, let's get moving! We've ALL got parties, you know."

Jean half-jumped aside as a tall figure with a long nose pushed in beside her. The new waitress seized two hoddles and flicked the tap of the coffee urn.

"Look at that coffee! It's as thick as mud! Why doesn't someone make some fresh? My party shouldn't have to drink this!" Dot's sarcastic tone and withering glance were focused on Jean.

"Uh, I've got a party waiting," Jean mumbled as she hastily grabbed the tea and cups, and fled out the door.

Oh, I hate that Dot! How can she be so mean?

Once outside in the cool dimness of the restaurant, Jean forgot about Dot. Her thoughts and energies were wrapped up in serving her customers as best she could. She had lied to Marie, the hostess, when she told her that she was experienced. She wondered if anyone could tell that she didn't know what she was doing. Or worse yet, what if one of her parties complained? She'd be fired for sure. Suddenly, she caught June's eye, which winked at her. Jean's face relaxed into a smile as she carefully slowed down her frantic pace.

As the rush hour slacked off, the waitresses gathered around a table in the back of the dining room, behind a screen. Occasionally, one would bounce up for her turn as a new party came in.

Jean sat off to the side with the other two young and (as she knew secretly) inexperienced waitresses. They didn't dare mingle with the "group" who were busily comparing the Coachman's Pub with all of the other places they had worked for in Atlantic City.

"June's really nice, isn't she?" Jean commented as June rose to take her turn.

"You're darn right she is—and good too. She had three parties at once tonight," Ann replied.

"Are you serious?" Jean was astonished. "I saw her out in the kitchen as relaxed as could be. She even had time for a cigarette. I was running around like a chicken with my head cut off, and I only had one party at a time!"

"Well, she's good," piped in Edie. "The only one that comes near to her is Dot Dillon."

"Oh, that Dot! I don't like her! She seems so mean and cold to me," Jean whispered furtively.

"I think she's like that to everyone." Edie answered. "I heard some of the others talking about her out in the kitchen. She expects everything to be just so when she gets there. Then, of course, we're just summer help, which means lousy to her."

"Jean, you have a party in Booth 3," the hostess warned.

Jean jumped and headed for her station.

* * * *

Now that Jean had been at the Pub for a few weeks, she was getting into the swing of things. She could even manage, though a bit hectically, three parties at once. And no longer did she and Ann sit by themselves (Edie had been fired), but they were now included in the "group" as those who had "made it."

Jean was sitting next to Kathy, her partner for the evening. She and Kathy had worked a group of tables together, and were splitting their tips evenly.

"You know, it's hardly fair for me to take half when you picked up about Four Dollars more than I did," Jean commented.

Kathy laughed. "Well, if we'd been assigned separate stations, maybe you woulda picked up the good tables, and I'd've gotten a stiff and a couple of cheap characters. We both did as much work, plus helpin' each other, so what's the difference—I just got the parties that were feelin' good."

Jean smiled back at Kathy. Jean thanked her lucky stars that she was only there for the fun and excitement of the summer, and didn't have to live the speedy, demanding life of a waitress year in and year out.

Kathy spoke up. "I wish I could work partners with you every night. You're easy to get along with. We've got to work with everyone, though. Except I told Marie I'd never work with that Dot Dillon."

Jean cringed as she heard Dot's name. Dot had been colder than ever to her. Jean wondered if Dot didn't resent the fact that a poor newcomer could make the grade and be counted on a level with her as a regular waitress. Hiding her dislike, she politely asked Kathy why she wouldn't work with Dot.

Kathy made a face. "She's a lousy partner. The only thing she cares about is her own parties. She is 'the waitress' in her own eyes—everything has to be just perfect for her parties, and the Hell with everyone else. She

won't even help ya out if you're her partner. Didja ever notice the way she bustles around, tryin' to look busy and efficient? She only looks confused and hurried." Kathy laughed a bitter laugh. "If I get her as a partner, I'm gonna walk right outta here!"

"Speaking of partners, I'd better check the list and see who I'm working with tomorrow night," Jean interrupted.

"Good luck," Kathy replied. "They'll start pourin' in here for the Fourth weekend by tomorrow night."

Jean couldn't believe the list, but there it was, in black and white—"Jean and Dot."

"Oh no," Jean groaned. "Oh well, maybe she'll be all right." The forced optimism couldn't hide the note of despair in her voice.

* * * *

She wasn't all right. As soon as Jean walked in the next evening, she realized that Dot was at a high tension pitch. There was nothing she could do about it, though, except try to make the best of it.

Their first party came in. Jean rose to take them, but Dot was two steps ahead of her.

"I'll take care of them," Dot said sharply. "You go get the salads and rolls."

Jean, stung, but having no other choice, hurried off to the kitchen. As she came back out a few minutes later, she noticed that another party had been seated at one of their tables. "I'll take Table 23," she whispered to Dot as she arranged the salads around the table.

"You don't have to bother. I've taken their order already."

How dare she? I'm supposed to take the next table after her. I guess Kathy was right.

Jean closed her mouth, and hushed the protest that was welling up inside her.

The dining room quickly became crowded, while people were lined up at the door, waiting their turn. Jean didn't have any time to worry about who got the next table—she simply served the new ones that hadn't been reached by Dot as fast as she could.

Waiting in line for a pick-up, she spotted Dot hurrying by. "Dot, can you get salads for Table 20? I'm tied up here right now."

Dot looked disgusted. "I have just as much trouble as you—why can't you take care of your own tables?" Dot walked away.

Jean breathed deep and counted to ten.

By some miracle, Jean managed to get salads to Table 20, and serve the dinners to her other parties in a short time. With a moment to spare, she stopped and looked around the mass of confusion and harried, bustling waitresses. Even easy-going June was stepping fast that night.

Suddenly she heard Dot behind her.

In a curious voice, Dot said, "Jean, I just got two new tables, and I have to pick up a big order. Would you please get their salads and rolls, and take the order from Table 23? I think I can manage Table 22 myself in a few minutes." Dot laughed nervously.

Jean took another deep breath, and kept her eyes fixed on the other side

of the room—she didn't want to look at Dot.

Then, slowly, she exhaled her pent-up breath, closed her eyes momentarily, and turned and faced Dot.

"O.K., Dot. I'll take 23 and manage the rest." Jean smiled a weary little smile.

And Dot's face broke into the semblance of a little, half-forgotten smile in return before she turned away.

Not Like Us

. . . MARTIN CIPOLLA

Magnificent Monster, Satan.

Sordid sorrow is his life.

(The emission of evil must be
an interesting business)

Delightful Devil, Satan.

Dark doom is his love.

(His hold on Hell must be
an exciting possession)

Honest Horror, Satan.

Murky murder is his hobby.

(What I like most is
that he admits it)

Shadows

. . . MARY KOSEK

Skip by the sidewalk on a bright day —

Shadows play there.

Walk quickly past the fallen tree in the woods —

Shadows hide there.

Run by the cemetery gates —

Shadows wait there.

Crawl past the tired eyes of a once beautiful woman —

Memories live there.

Dorothy on a May morning in English Literature

. . . JOHN BODNAR

Morning finds your eyes heavy
 from dream-filled sleep.
 your long lashes curl
 on your sleep-puffed cheeks
 like spider's feet folded under.
 Long, luster-pink nails
 tip your white fingers
 as you clench your hand
 under your chin
 (like a sea-blached conch-shell
 where coral porcelain lines its house)
 while you look up to knowledge
 rapt and attentive.

Pixie hair spills rhythmically
 round your head
 combed-uncombed in appearance.
 Arching brows seek,
 inquisitively,
 words of wisdom
 that fall from Jesuit-trained lips.

Thoughts take flight from Newman
 and his liberal theory
 to sunny outdoors
 where morning exhales
 its cool, refreshing stimulant
 of springtime.
 You think of heavy lilac fragrance
 and spiny lilies-of-the-valley
 that have yet to fill the month
 with rich odor;
 you think of last night's beauty
 and yearn to repeat it
 under blue-white sky of May.
 And when you wishfully think
 you fail to realize
 that someone else,
 the other half,
 is thinking the same . . .

Idle Thoughts

. . . MICHAEL J. KEOUGH

Words, idle words
stir the idle air
while we wait
and stare idle stares
that stir the idle smoke
while we wait
and pray idle prayers
that stir the idol death
while we wait

Shh! Do not stir
do not stir
God is sleeping
and is dreaming
one fantastic dream
that we call life
and when he wakes
we will fade
back to nothing

Hail nothing
full of nothing
nothing is with thee

Her Picture

. . . WAYNE BEAVER

I pushed myself away from the desk and stretched my legs out, cracking the joint of my big toe when I wiggled it vigorously with my hand. I reached for a cigarette, lit it, and got up to walk around the room for a while to relieve my stiffness. I went outside and stood on the fire escape looking up at the stars in the very distant but yet quite near, dark sky. It was a warm evening in May, and since it was near the end of the term, I was trying to catch up on some of the work I had let pile up on me. A warm breeze blew my exhaled cigarette smoke away in one big cloud. I watched it rise, descend, and rise again, and finally drop from sight into the darkness of the night.

It was Friday night, a hell of a night to sit at my desk and write a story. I thought to myself, as I returned from the dream world of the night to the cold reality of my task. Writing a story wasn't so bad if you were in the mood. But I wasn't in the mood; the night was too warm and pleasant, and it beckoned me to get out of my room to delight in its comforting splendor and dark enchantment. But no, I had to get this blasted story written. It was due on Monday, and I couldn't afford to hand it in late.

I sat down again at my desk and took my pencil and started to write. I wrote a few words, but became disgusted with the way they sounded and stopped to think of a better way to say them. After a while I forgot all about what I was trying to think of and sat there looking sadly at her picture. Her face was so lovely; yes, that was the word for it, lovely. So lovely, so passionate, and so understanding. The thought struck me funny; she was the only person who really knew me.

I threw my pencil down and got up and went outside. What a waste of time, I thought, studying on a Friday night. I went outside and sat down on the edge of the big fountain on the front of the campus. The water made a soft, soothing, and yet strangely mysterious sound as it trickled down into the pool at the base. Every now and then a drop of water would spray on the side of my face as I sat there thinking of her and her picture. Yes, her face was lovely, so warm and lovely.

A girl came out from under the trees which surrounded the fountain. I noticed that she was fairly short and that her hair flowed gracefully in the warm, soft breeze. She sat down on the other side of the fountain, stroking the water as if she were petting a small kitten. She never looked up at me or at anything. She just sat there stroking the water and moving her lips silently. I watched her for a long time. I wondered if she were a victim of the night, too.

Many cars passed in front of the fountain as I sat there exchanging silent thoughts with the night and with the girl. People always have something to do, somewhere to go, something to occupy their minds and to keep them from being human, I thought to myself when four boys, apparently a little drunk, drove by in a convertible. A mere bunch of conformists, that's what they are. Can't they stand to be alone once in a while? Must they always be doing something? I feel sorry for them. They don't know what it is to be alone, to enjoy life, to stop and just let the world happen. They probably feel sorry for me because

I'm not doing anything. The poor souls, they don't even know who is to feel sorry for whom.

I got up. I am like the other people, too, I suppose. I like to have something to do, too. But, I can stand being alone, I can stand not having anything to do. I walked back to the dorm to finish my story, and, as I was about to enter through the big, double doors, I heard someone shouting my name. I turned around to see who it was. Some friends of mine wanted me to go to the drive-in with them. I said no, I had some work to do. I turned back to the dorm amid drunken cries of "book worm" and "party-poopier." I didn't care. Let them get good and drunk at the drive-in. I can stand being alone. They are just a bunch of conformists feeling sorry for me.

Back in my room, I discovered, not too much to my disappointment, that I still wasn't in the mood for finishing my story. I decided to write to her. I thought that she must be doing something tonight. She was a conformist, a do-what-everyone-else-is-doing type person, too. She was like that, always on the move, always wanting me to take her somewhere. I often tried to make her stay home and just talk about things with me, maybe even just listen to the stereo, or go for a walk. But no, she had to be out in public doing something, making an acceptable fool of herself.

Writing to her was simple compared to writing that story tonight. I never say much of anything to her, for what is a love letter but mere ramblings of one's mind and heart? I know that anything I wrote to her would be understood—she is so understanding, so knowing. We have come to understand that all that is necessary in a love letter is just what the name implies—love. I am glad that she has learned to understand this, too. She would be the most wonderful person in the world if she weren't like the rest of them, those people who are like all the rest of the people on this earth. But, I have learned to love her, for I have discovered that she is somewhat different from all the other people. She has learned to love me, too. That is enough; I admire her for loving me. I sometimes can't help wondering whether she really knows what kind of person I am, but then I always dismiss it from my mind when I think of it, for I know that she is the only person who really does understand me.

I finished my letter, signing it "Love always," folded it, and put it in an envelope to mail in the morning. I decided not to tackle the story again tonight, so I went outside to the fountain again. I was surprised to see the girl still sitting there, calmly stroking the water as before. I decided not to make myself seem like a spy or a sneak by sitting there again opposite her and watching her, so I went over to her and said "Hello" as pleasantly as I could manage to say it, for I wanted really to find out why she was spending all this time here. I found her hard to talk to, but she did say that she was just putting in time, that she hadn't a thing in the world to do. All the time she never looked at me; she spoke to something invisible and I suppose, imaginary, out in the dark night, and I could detect a bitter, sarcastic note in her voice. She wanted something to do very badly, she said. All this time I had hoped she would be different from all those other people, but now I discovered she wasn't. When she said that, I really felt sorry for her. She continued staring out into the night, never once looking into my face. I said "Good Night" once again as pleasantly as I could, and went back to my room and got ready for bed. Another person just like all the rest of them, I thought to myself as I pulled back the covers on my

bed. As I went to turn out the light, I looked at her picture again as I had done so many times during that night. Yes, her face was lovely, and when I lay in bed making myself comfortable for the long night, and when I approached that wonderful and yet vague moment when a person is just about to fall asleep, I was faintly aware of the thought on my mind. I was saying, "I'm glad she is so understanding—she is the only one who really knows me."

The Nocturnal Visitor

. . . EDWARD BLANDY

Lying here on fresh, white sheets,
I look into nothingness, emptiness,
The night and I wrapped in darkness.

Music from off in the anonymous night
moves me to romantic visions of you.

Suddenly your sweet face moves through mist
like a mermaid on the bow
of an ancient ghost ship . . .
moving closer,
ever closer.

A chill of ecstasy seizes my tensing frame
as I feel the nearness
of you.

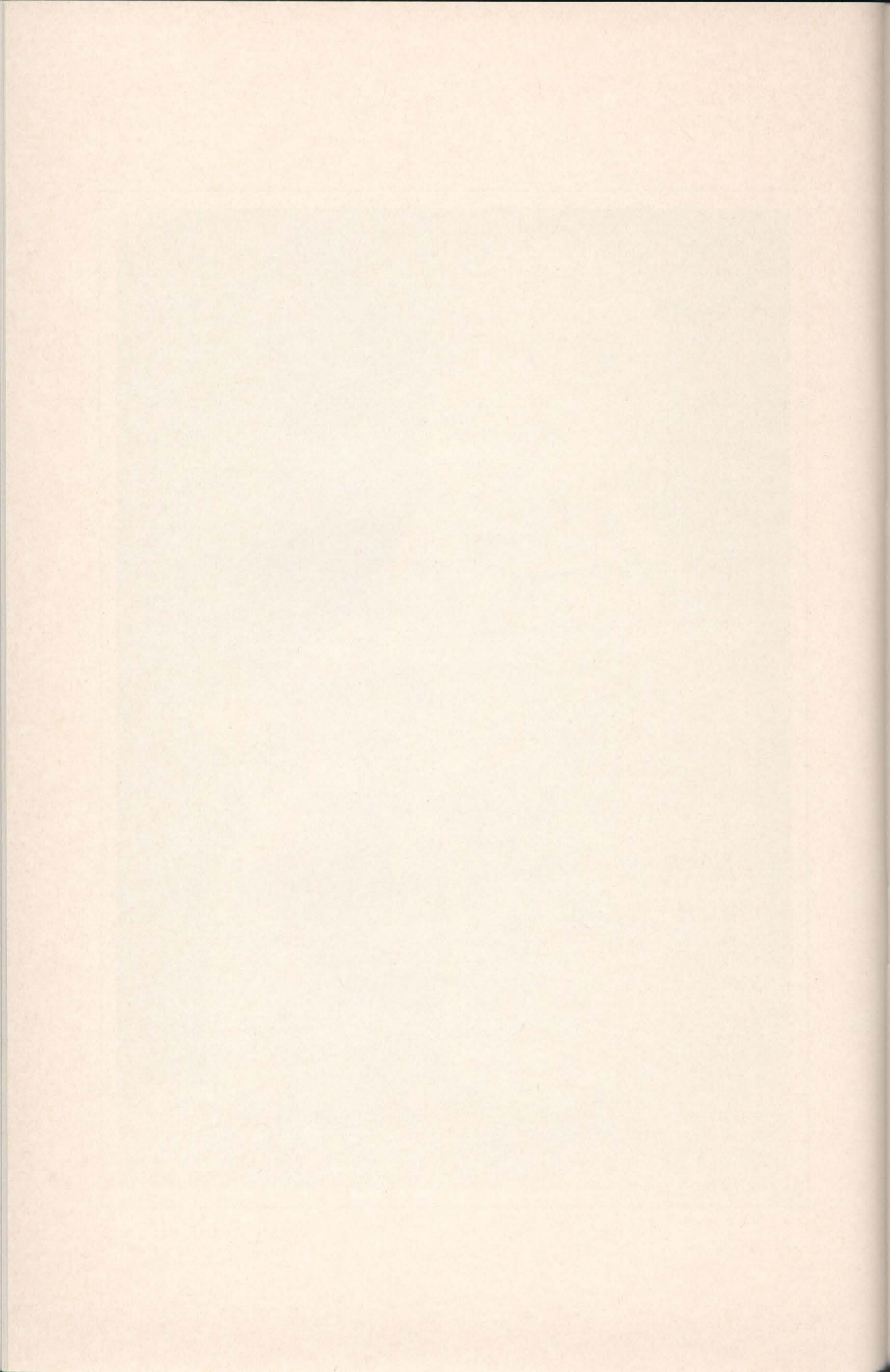
Your lips . . . they are wet and hard to keep.
Your cheeks . . . they are cool and covered with dew.
Your hair clings wet in curls to your forehead.
Your eyes are oceans.
Your form is a tidal wave.

My emotions have gone the limit;
I cannot hold your vision any longer.
You are leaving, my love,
the mist hides you from my sight . . .
But divine darkness

may be generous again . . .

Imagination,
fail me not!





The Sophisticate

. . . BARBARA DAVEY

The college campus was dozing in the late afternoon sun. Here and there a few students could be seen hurrying to the library clutching stacks of books or just idling on the freshly cut grass. Carolyn, scowling, books in hand, made her way to the gray stone dormitory on the west side of the campus. It was a beautiful spring day, but Carolyn, or Carol, as she preferred to be called, wasn't noticing the weather. Once inside the dormitory she went directly to her room where she slammed her books on the desk and reached for the nearly empty bottle of aspirin. She shivered as the bitter pills slid down her throat. The bedsprings groaned as she dropped onto the unmade bed. Carolyn was suffering from a throbbing headache caused by too much gin, a condition commonly known as a hangover. She massaged her head, pushing aside her close-cropped brown hair, currently in a state of dishevelment.

A blonde girl entered the room; it was Joan, Carolyn's roommate. She was a small, cheerful person with a glow of health on her cheeks and kind blue eyes.

"How're you feeling, Carol. Thought you'd never get in last night."

"Rotten. Some party, though." You always smiled and said "some party" even if it wasn't. An unwritten code prevented any girl from admitting that a drinking party wasn't fun. Carol had added last night's festivities to a long list of nights which consisted of warm drinks and erotic behavior.

She drew her small thin body to the side of the bed and lit a cigarette. She resembled a little girl sampling a forbidden fruit; the cigarette seemed almost too large for her. She had the air of one of the glad-sad flappers in the literature of the twenties, all brittle gaiety on the surface with a hint of wistful sadness beneath. Her clothes, her manners, her remarks exuded a pseudo-sophistication, but unconsciously she carried an aura of innocence about with her. Occasionally the purity of her clear blue eyes revealed a sensitive nature hiding behind the outer polish. Had anyone told her this, she would have been very insulted, for she was proud of her sophistication, and she was young, and she did not realize the nature of her self-deception.

Joan, tennis racket in hand murmured something about a game of tennis with a boy she knew. Carolyn guessed that she had hurt Joan's feelings again, but she dispensed her guilt with a shrug of her shoulders.

Left alone, Carolyn began to prepare for the usual Friday night party. There was no anticipation in her preparations; she knew what to expect. Momentarily she worried about her grades, but pushed the thought to the back of her mind. The evening began with the usual superficial small talk and the lighting of many cigarettes. She didn't know the boy very well. Funny how in the past year she hadn't dated any boy more than twice. Hastily she repressed her unspoken doubts.

Later, when the party was in full swing, she stepped outside for some fresh air. The boy she'd been with had passed out and lay on the floor, sleeping peacefully. The sight of several forms prostrate on the front lawn reminded her that she was not alone, so she advanced toward the back yard with a highly irregular gait. The world was no longer light and gay. The earth reeled horribly, making her nauseous. She shivered despite the warm air; waves of nausea swept over her. She fell on freshly-turned earth in what appeared to be a garden plot. That night a sophisticated coed lay in the mud emptying her stomach and despising herself. When her stomach ceased its painful contortions, Carolyn sat up staring dumbly at the lighted windows of the house.

A young couple hanging on to each other for support came lurching into the back yard. Carolyn could not understand much of their drunken, monosyllabic conversation, but the girl seemed slightly less intoxicated than the boy, for she kept asking her partner if he loved her.

"Do you love me, Rick?" she repeated over and over. "Do you?"

The boy staggered a little and stared at the girl as if trying to remember her.

"Tramp," he mumbled. "You're a tramp, Campus tramp go 'way. Campus trampus." He repeated the last phrase several times, giggling over his insane drunken rhyme.

The girl had apparently retained enough sensibility to be insulted. She began to cry loudly, the alcohol adding fervor to her emotion.

Carolyn had been a witness to scenes like this many times before, but now, relatively sober after her recent nausea, the significance of these two shells of human beings seemed to slap her full in the face. The sensitivity which she usually denied rose up within her. She felt an emotion akin to embarrassment for this girl and boy, so lost, so sad.

It was not far from the house where the party was being held to the dormitory, but Carolyn ran all the way. Once she tripped over a bush and cut her knee, but she continued running. She arrived at the dormitory completely breathless, entering by a route known only to a few girls.

Joan answered Carolyn's pounding and let her in. Carolyn, between deep breaths, whispered, "I'm O.K. Go back to bed," as she collapsed on a chair by the window. Her elbow brushed some papers on the desk; they were some melodramatic poems she had written at the height of one of her "romances." Now they seemed ridiculous, corny. She pushed them into the wastebasket. Outside the sun was rising — a cool breeze wafted through the open window. Carolyn turned and smiled at Joan.

"I must admit I am a pretty corny individual." Carolyn was looking at herself. She saw someone young and silly and dangerous. Joan handed her two aspirin with a glass of water. Obediently she swallowed them. Before she climbed into bed, she turned to her roommate and smiled again.

Pause

. . . JUDITH KIMMES

Listen, my friends, to the words
I do not speak.
Only they, in their
silent perfection,
can tell you what
I need to say.

Look, my friend, into the words
that come from eyes
wanting you to know me.
And try to feel
the soulful force
of one who wants to share.

For this, my friend, is
what is meant by life.
The world is made of hearts
afraid to speak;
and so in silence
remain alone and sad.

Love, my friend, do not
remain too fearful
to allow yourself this joy.
For this your life
is all you truly know.
So let it be with love.

Some Words About Things

. . . JAMES COLESTOCK

I

Why?
Because men love.
Why?
Because life dies.
Why?
Because day falls.
Why?
Because faith lives.
Why?
Because I say so —
That's why.

II

The search is constant.
live
and seek eternity
love
and seek perfection
learn
and seek omniscience
lose
and seek death.

III

Awake!
and scream that four
is five.
Men's minds cannot bear
the burden of doubt.
and they agree—
four is five.

IV

Like the sun that shines
in the north
And the blood that flows
from the sky.
Hell must surely be — small.

Under the Sun

. . . JOHN MORRIS

The sky was slate, gray and smoothly featureless; for three days it had poured buckets, since the morning before the accident. Now, though, it had stopped. The monotonous crash of the surf on the jagged rocks below was somewhat muffled as it climbed the several hundred feet of palisade. As he sat there with his legs dangling precariously over the edge, gazing, unseeingly, into the cold, blue September sea, he remarked to himself how they always seemed to end up here at this very spot, no matter where the evening began. He had liked to go places with her, if for no other reason, just because he liked to be seen with her; she was an asset; she surely was. And he did have some feelings toward her, too. He wasn't, however, entirely sure in his own mind about her death. Of course, everyone had consoled him saying that it wasn't his fault, which seemed to be the standard procedure in these cases, and he was, for all practical purposes, convinced they were right. Still a lingering question mark remained, and that's why he had come here. He needed a sign — a symbol of his absolution.

Such unimportant subjects as mechanics never appealed to him; they usually involved getting one's hands dirty, which he avoided whenever possible. Automobiles were marvelous inventions to him, as long as they ran, but for him they didn't run well, for long. He dreaded the trips to the garage because invariably some bumbling grease monkey would reprimand him for, as they put it, "running the life out of the damn car!" That, of course, was nonsense; speed exhilarated him. If the speedometer said the thing would do one-forty, then he made it do one-forty and not a shade less! Anyway, this running feud with all mechanics may have been responsible for his neglecting to take the ill-fated vehicle in for an inspection for a good many months (he had lost count).

So, it was the keys to this car, he reflected coldly, that he had loaned her three days before; she had an appointment at the hair dresser's, and the bus didn't run near her apartment. The rest is so much history — the rain-slicked curve, the metallic report as the steering assembly yielded, the valiant but futile screech of brakes, the crunch of splintering guard rails, that split-second of awesome silence as the air-borne mass plummeted ever faster, and, finally, the fiery, resounding union of metal and rock and water.

He hadn't killed her, of course, but a gnawing somewhere refused to let him excuse himself completely. He imagined that at times like these all that religion double-talk might be of some use after all. But he preferred to look elsewhere for his salvation, as always.

So it was that he perched here, trying to distinguish where sky met sea. In the west there appeared first a subtle brightening, then a sharp jab as a golden ray broke through the overcast near the horizon. As he watched spell-bound, the gold began to streak, and soon shades of red and purple also smeared

the firmament. Radial beams fanned out across the caps of the choppy water, and with a dazzling brilliance the red ball of the setting sun materialized from behind parting clouds. His sign! The gods or powers that be or whatever pushes this old universe hither and yon had forgiven him of any part in her death. He knew that now, **for sure!** He had his sign! There, hovering above the hair-like far edge of the water was as perfect and as **explicit** a messenger as could be desired.

Somewhere a cold, bedraggled gull voiced her approval, too, but for different reasons.

Rising slowly to his feet, he let the sea breeze muss his hair for once, as his conscience relaxed its none-too-severe pricking for the first time in three days. In fact, his thoughts turned idly to his evening plans and who the lucky young thing might be tonight.

And as he turned to make his way back through the swishing saw grass to the road, the water-soaked, shale promontory on which he stood parted from the cliff face with a sickening groan and plunged surprisingly slowly.

Lines To —

. . . PHYLLIS FUNGHI

Love,
 Say love!
 Speak not,
 Say love!
 Speak not,
 That I might hear . . .

The whisper of the sound of love
 is deafening to the ear.

Five Seconds

. . . WILLIAM T. DARLING

The grenade rolled dizzily into the foxhole and the group froze as if they had all turned to stone. How many? Possibly four, maybe five seconds on that "potato-masher" that damned Kraut had managed to pitch into their machine gun nest.

Five . . . Owens' eyes were dark sockets that seemed to be miles away though fixed on the grenade. Miles away—Anzio—he remembered the blaring of loud speakers and the shock and flash of the big guns on board, pounding away at the grey tangle of olive grove and rock that appeared on the dust-choked horizon. Then came the order to go down the nets and into the LCUP's that were churning and bobbing in the dark Mediterranean forty feet below the deck. The boats sputtered through the oily water and during the nausea, filth, and prayers, Owens felt a mounting pain coming through his arms and chest.

Four . . . The landing gate clattered down on the gravelly beach and the group splashed onto Italian soil with probably the fiercest lead welcome that had been rendered by the enemy since the opening hostilities. Mud-shattered stone stung Owens' face as he hit the beach and crawled his way to the bulkhead. The pain in his chest had become worse now as metal ricocheted and hurtled past—then suddenly light—then dark.

Three . . . A mixture of mumbling, curses, screams, and whining greeted Owens' ears as he pulled his head out of the soggy Anzio ground. What had happened? Had he been hit? He checked himself thoroughly and rolled on his back and stared sullenly at the flashing in the sky. "All right . . . I'm all right," he shouted aloud. Sure, he had been frightened and passed out from shock. He had never been that scared in his life and his first impulse was to get up and run. What's it all worth? It can't be the end of me. The next guy, he'll get it, not me. It seemed like a thousand thoughts went through his mind as an invisible force pinned him to the ground.

Two . . . All those things were years ago Owens thought as his mind came back to reality. The grenade! His thoughts screamed as he stared at the smoking metal lying abstractly on the ground.

One . . . If he jumped with his helmet on that grenade, no one could ever say . . . Oh God! My chest!

. . . The other two men cautiously rolled his body away from the helmet and stared in disbelief at the untold horror written on Owens' face. He would never know about the dud.

Someplace To Go

. . . JOHN MORRIS

If there be but someplace to go,

One place to go to be,

Then all who aren't could go and learn to change to I's from Me's.

If there be but someplace to go,

One place to go to live,

The teeming throngs could flow along and swap their Takes for Gives.

If there be but someplace to go,

One place to go to speak,

Then all who come will grow to love and find That which they seek.

Contemplation

. . . MICHAEL J. KEOUGH

It is quiet here and cold
and my old limbs are stiff
from lying still so long.

I can sometimes almost feel
the rain fall and hear it
seep through the ground
and trickle down past me
—a lively sound.

And sometimes the sun rests
awhile here and warms the ground
with his body-warmth
and almost takes the chill off my bones
and almost draws me near . . .
but this heavy numbness keeps me here
and it is soon cold again.

I used to have an urge and wish
to move, but where is one to go?
Besides, now I am almost happy here.
A root has split my chest
and draws nourishment from my decay.
It draws life upward from my death
as I had once hoped to rise.

What a grand tree it must be;
though I have never seen it,
what a splendid tree it must be.

Denounced, Fought, and Covered

MARTIN CIPOLLA

Truth is a monstrous thing. It is a quality to be despised because it cannot be controlled. Francis Bacon said that "this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle light." But candle light is so romantic, so sweet! How simple it is to extinguish the light of a candle! Who can turn off the sun?

Bacon says truth is naked. Nakedness is a thing of which to be ashamed. Nakedness makes one open to the critical stares of the world. It exposes flaws. Who can hide nakedness?

Truth is a living abstract entity. It can be denounced but never affected. It can be fought but never defeated. It can be covered but never hidden. Why should anyone care about truth when nothing can be done to it? Why should one bother oneself with something that can't be changed? Look at progress. Progress calls for change. Progress is always wonderful, isn't it?

Notice how people hate to be naked in public.

Tour

. . . CAROL SCHUMACHER

The monument stands erect
As guardian of the Bank.

Aware of the bustle of the citizens below,
It summons them to leave the streets,
To pass some time above their cares below,
To join the international groups who have become
enveloped

By the magnitude and spreading beauty
Of the metropolis below.

Having now taken heed to the monument's call,
Citizens begin the great ascent,
Each laughing, smiling at each;
All awed by the design of the rust-red steel.

Three stages are passed,
Each spiraling higher than the one directly below.
The fourth is reached at last by foot
Offering a frameless view of the doll house world
below,

The embracing blue and fleecy white above
As a final reward for the dizzying climb.

The world now moves along unconcerned
For those swaying above enraptured and stilled
By the spell of the monument—

The rust-red monument which always stands erect
As guardian of the Bank.

L'enfant

. . . SUE GOODMAN

I saw a child today

Hair straight stringy wind-whipped

Blue eyes wondering wide

Grimace of screaming delight

Springing on legs of joy

At play.

Concentration of unutterable tenderness

in blue eyes

As groping pudgy hands

Reach out to stroke

Her kitten.

Imperceptible rise and fall

of rhythmic breathing

Small head on a pillow

Closed eyes of dreaming

Seeking solace finding love

Hands unclasped trusting.

Party in Solo

. . . MICHAEL J. KEOUGH

A middle aged man sat alone in the corner booth of a dimly-lighted diner; used dishes covered the table before him. Except for the young waitress sitting at the far end of the counter, he was the only person in the place. Carelessly he stirred the coffee in his cup, eyeing the woman attentively. She was pretty in a way, with her short blonde hair, he thought. Her legs were crossed and one loafer dangled precariously from its foot as she kept time with the loud, racy music coming from the juke box. She kept looking at the clock as she puffed nervously on a cigarette.

"She probably has a date after closing," he said to himself. "Well, I don't want to keep her late and spoil her fun."

He gulped his coffee and slid out of the booth. Pulling his wallet from a back pocket, he padded over to the woman and asked, trying to be friendly, "What's the damage, madam?" The waitress didn't even bother to force a smile to return his gesture, but rather, she looked at him disgustedly, and that made him cringe inside.

He paid his bill and tipped the woman a quarter. Walking toward the door, he thought: "She doesn't look so pretty close up—too much makeup around the eyes and too much powder on her nose . . . How can she enjoy listening to that trashy noise? She probably doesn't even know what real music is."

Outside, a light rain sprinkled the pavements and the asphalt streets, cooling them a bit after the heat of an August day. The red sun had long since hidden itself behind the disorderly skyline of factory buildings, but a few blotches of blue still silhouetted roof-top water-towers and billboards. Night was fast falling. He had nowhere special to go. He liked to walk in the rain, so he went home by a detour through the park.

Wearily he climbed the dark, shadowy stairs to his third floor apartment, fished a key from his pocket and with it opened the door. His dwelling was like that of any middle-income, middle-aged bachelor—nicely furnished, well kept, and lonely. First he paused at the door, then pushed himself inside. There he was again, alone, alone in his little hermitage. He dragged himself over to a small cabinet, pulled out a bottle of Scotch and a glass. Nervously he poured himself a double and downed it quickly. He repeated this once or twice. Now his temples were pounding violently and hot blood raced inside him. He stumbled over to the phonograph and flicked it on. He dropped the needle onto a record and soft classical music started playing. He fell backwards into his easy-chair and moaned. He kicked off his shoes and then emptied another double from his glass. Eventually he fell asleep.

Modern Man

MARTIN CIPOLLA

The words wriggled wondrously.

(I am yesterday and tomorrow)

The lilting lovely lullaby

(I am smiles and I am sorrow)

Sang sweetly in soothing syllables.

(And from me your joy you borrow)

I know I heard it.

The jumping joyful jingles

(I am summer spring and fall)

Shifted shining shamrocks

(It is I that you should call).

Aw, hell

I must be out of my mind.

Question in Mourning

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

Through some painful misconception
you had decided that degree of
feeling was measured by pain—
to yourself and
to others.

You weren't satisfied merely
to have known an emotion,
an experience . . .

You seemed to need to be able
to point to a scar
in order to know that you had "felt."

I must admit defeat
to your formula for loving—
for you have left me
with your wound—
still unhealed, still unhealing.

But, in mourning, as I lick my sores
I must ask myself repeatedly—
If your wound to me is so deep,
what must I have done to you?

Motion

. . . JOHN BODNAR

Sallow poplars
nude in winter's wind,
bend in graceful sway
to mounting velocity;
then resume their stand
as sentinels
slim in winter's grey.

